# SMOKE

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# SMOKE

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DAVID CORNEL DEJONG EDWARD NORTH ROBINSON

Providence, Rhode Island

# *Change-Song for the American Year*

Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël!
Reilly has the case in charge
and everything is well.

While trusties watched their flocks by night
each snoring in a cell
an angel came to Hauptmann
and told him all was well.

Noël! Noël! Noël!

Mrs. Hauptmann looked about
on the feast of Stephen
and said, "We soon will have him out."
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
the underworld triumphs and Hauptmann is king!

Noël! Noël!

Fight the good fight with all your might
for the hyphens are backing him day and night,
nor justice nor mercy concern them at all.
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
o'er the land of the free. And a little boy's grave.

*For the small golden head*
*as for the future man*
*a lodging that is safe,*
*since that which time began*
*secures no other place*
*where safety can be found*
*but the lodging that is safe*
*and five feet underground.*

It came upon a midnight clear,
that glorious word "reprieve,"
for I may be vice-president
if I let the murderer live!

Sing we all Noël

So rest you, merry Innocents,
you have much need to pray
while politicians, bent on place,
go creaking on their way,

and does anyone see by the dawn's early light
what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam?
It is gone, it has failed, it has vanished from sight.
No more shall we dream the American Dream.

Listen to its Passing Bell.
Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël!

Susanna Valentine Mitchell

# *For Hart Crane*

Each day I touch the beach sand, Hart,
finger the shells of the sea's clawed creepers;
in what back age their bridges failed
I do not know, nor can I trace
a tunnel back through brine, be it of tears
or swollen to seas beyond a sorrow's width.

"I saw thee dive to kiss that destiny"
proud from the bridge's highest arch.
And nights, in the rotting phosphor of the stars,
I see still standing the pilings of your grandest dream.

Day arcs to the west, the sand
goes hissing down the undertow.

No doubt you're spoken of
*"I saw a guy*
*one night in Vera Cruz—drunk, jez, he was drunk—*
*a poet someone said, but he aint no more—*
*went overboard the first night out,*
*hangover I guess . . . ."*

The sun is lower now, the torso of the sea
is clothed in fire, sheer silk that's blown
to shreds, then threads, and then not even that,
till one last raveling seems a nerve alive
that's stripped to slide across the pumice of eternity.

WALKER WINSLOW

# *Invocation To Tradition*

They did not come, flaming
To this bewitching land of promise;
Heralding, from the loam of old Russia
A new and scarlet dawn:
But black and grimy
Huddled in a coal-dark stinking hold;
While gleaming white-swathed ebony giants
Rhythmically swung sweating shovels.
Light glinted from his phylacteries—
And she, cowered, head encased
In the kaleidoscopic shawl her mother wore,
. . . . . Eons ago . . . . .

They did not go, seeking
On the shimmering dull-gray plains;
Those charms America, a buxom wench
Flaunted before a million admirers:
For them was not the grandeur
Of infinite places; the limitless serenity
Of lush, rolling fields.
They did not see the mountains loom,
Climbing into the stars . . . . .

The pallid oval of her face:
Dark, fawn eyes staring tragically,
Small fists beating futilely against towering prisons,
Snaring the golden sun in brick-red grasp.
And she forgot the tremulous calves, sighing,
The lithe grace of a filly, running in the wind . . . . .

JOSEPH FRANK

# *Smooth Gnarled Crape Myrtle*

A brass-green bird with grass-
green throat smooth as a nut, springs from
twig to twig askew, copying the
Chinese flower piece—businesslike atom
in the stiff-leafed tree's blue-
pink, dregs-of-wine, pyramids
of mathematic
circularity—one of a
pair. A redbird with a hatchet
crest lights straight, on a twig
between the two, bending the
peculiar
bouquet down; and there are

several black antique
bootjack fireflies touched with weak bright
hunting-pink. "The legendary white-
eared black bulbul that sings
only in pure Sanskrit" should
be here—"tame clever
true nightingale." The cardinal-
bird that is usually a
pair looks somewhat odd, like
"the ambassadorial
Inverness
worn by one who dresses

in New York but dreams of
London." It was artifice saw
on a patch-box-pigeon-egg, room for
fervent script, and wrote as with a bird's claw
under the pair on the
hyacinth-blue lid—" joined in
friendship, crowned by love."

# SMOKE

An aspect may deceive; as the
elephant's columbine-tubed trunk
held waveringly out—
an at will heavy thing—is
delicate.
Art is unfortunate.

One may be a blameless
bachelor and it is but a
stop to Congreve. A Rosalindless
redbird comes where people are, knowing they
have not made a point of
being where he is—this bird
which says not sings, with-
out loneliness I should be more
lonely, so I keep it"—half in
Japanese. And what of
our clasped hands that swear "By Peace
Plenty; as
by Wisdom Peace." Alas.

MARIANNE MOORE

## *Poem In Theme*

The bastard tree climbs in the commonwealth.
Grasses uninterpreted:
North and east and west and south suffocate
Pores of the living dead

Strangely alive to the cry of birds' wisdom
Splitting the silence of stone;
And the elemental precinct around us
Specterly grown.

The unsettled trade the farce of office
And steeled pickets,
The wage and fight and starvation
Huddled in frozen thickets.

And weather flung over streets and rooms
Alienly taut and fed
To our solid many suspended in the abyss
By a job's thread.

VINCENT FERROUS

# *No Apology*

The hill, its purpose is to stand
Proud above the lower land;
Water makes a sound on stone
Like music out of hollow bone.

Eagles in great circles turn
The colored earth; they cannot learn
With every hunted fox to run
Away from hounds, out of the sun.

A wind will break the strongest trees
Or smash a village to its knees;
From windows people see its hand
Push back the rivers, sift the land.

They cannot help that they are great
And will not bend; it is their fate
To gather strength and life intense
For great and cosmic arguments.

CARL F. STRAUCH

# *At 7:30*

At 7:30, say, the streets begin
to shake the rain from off their mugs
and alleys lean against the corner buildings and
the towns begins to wake.

Mr Moofoosky, Wincholeons I quote,
drags his glue weary feet along the paves,
walks to the curb and
spits into the gutter.

The slug-nutty guy with the knocked out teeth
bums-a-cigarette-borrows-a-light-scratches-his-chest,
YO HAWNS and shivers.

*Yuh got a News there son? Yuh*
*got a News?*

SCHULTZ SLAIN
AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL GIANT STRICKEN.

BLOOD TEST TO DETERMINE PARENTAGE OF WAIF
ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

MOLLIE MOP, MOVIE ACTRESS, SUES CHAMP
photo of some knees and upper molars.

Moofoosky rubs his chin, figgers
he needs a shave.

# SMOKE

The slug-nutty guy leans
against a building and waits.

> At 7:thoity, Goity yodels in her tub
> rub-a-dub rub-a-dub, there'll be
> rings on her fingers and
> under her eyes
> with the morning skies
> but ternite she's a flame
> a sizzlin dame with a halo of peroxide
> around her little pate—and
> a date with a johnny at eight.

The slug-nutty guy barters with loneliness,
looks at a cab and offers,

*Some nite, hey?*

Moofoosky, lord of the economic waves, leans
from the balcony, shovels a toothpick to and fro,
spits to the gutter and

*yeahssssss.*

Kenneth Ellsworth Whelan

## *Holiday*

This park is cool above the Rhone,
High, shady bluff of Avignon;
Below are temples wedged by shops,
But here is moss upon the rocks.

Deep-rippling wide, the river slips
With murmur green past quarried steps
That brush halfway through tangled trees,
Then fade in whispering of leaves.

Above the stony glare of streets,
Where summer fades cathedral steeps,
A pilgrim, resting from his mind,
Beholds the leaf and shadow twined.

## *Low Tide*

Black seals lift on uneven rock
The head of blunt ungainly sway,
Or slip into a dive and shock
The monstrous deep with sighing play.

Like bulbs of breath-distended kelp,
These twisted bodies of the sand
Are close where scattered waters help
Enormous driftwood to the land.

Beyond the seacold damp of fog,
The bell buoy is a sullen note
For hands that clutch the drifting log,
Or sea that darkly dreams afloat.

# *Combat*

In mountain field wild bulls lock horn,
Knees founder, sunken, dark and torn;
Storm lowered heads like tempest rock
Brace wide the ringing pasture shock.

Black rush and tremor, snort and hurl,
Swerve of low swallow flanks, hooves whirl;
Cloud-stooped on boulder ridge to glean,
Hooked vultures from dry shadow lean.

Grey flicker in far plateau dust,
Wolves range; the mountains lock and rust
As, shiver in white grass, a chill
Breath whistles and red nostrils shrill.

Stampede and circle, block and foil,
Snake-weaving horns in dust uncoil,
Brush, as the plunging hooves swing wide,
Blood tears a dark and lonely side.

LINCOLN FITZELL

## *Program*

Warmth of the weather made them mild
And the curving land tempered their stay:

While in autumn snatches of other seasons'
Songs appear, autumn but repeats
Their pleasure, longs to sleep,
In its own tune most alive.

So these gentles, weather-wise,
Caught the momentary sting of woe
And laughed with grief at briefness of their joy:

Talked little, were faithful to the time,
Heard voices all night long:
withstood
Earth's final sleeping sound of snow.

## *For A Moment*

And among uncertainties there is nothing
Here to be precise about, only
That a motionless moment will sometimes
Recall or redefine the plain room:

Soggy sway of dusty curtains, leastly
Moving, or the wrinkled rug unsettled
From the floor: sphered in light are new.

Bring daytime in, let thought
Of flowers' scent descend, transpose
A part of time's demands to this degree.

# *To Hold In Mind*

And they weep and wonder
While all time is under this tree

Held for feet below by roots
Rocks in wood, stones and grass
In tendrils, everywhere.

Leave the roots for the rude
Growth of bark about the wood, in rings
More than accountable to lifetime
Of any man: more living has seen

So standing, branches twist to the sky
Lace with clouds, tickle the moon

While every day wind: while every day
Every congestion could stop the standing tree

Yet it eases all under its care.

Emma Swan

# *Professor Black's Baby Elephant*

That was the summer Professor Black found
The baby elephant. My God, what a time we had!—
And Traman grinned so reflectively he almost
Swallowed his pipe.—
We all heard rumors, of course.
Black himself gave out that the whole professional circus,
Which recently charmed the town, was nothing to what
He had in his frontyard; and we further gathered
That we had never seen such a baby elephant,
That none of us had been such a baby elephant,
That, as a matter of fact, we'd better come over and see.

No admission—except awe, silence, and the usual
Ability to listen and nod. We all
Trooped along: the big yellow Dutchman paraded,
The little curly Dutchman jounced, in the lead;
Cary and I slunk in the rear, and Darrah
Swung hither and yon between; and we poured in.

By Christ, it was pink! And Black had it
Right in the livingroom; he thought as much of it
As if it had been an ancestor; in fact,
Yellow Dutch confused everyone at first
By thinking it *was* an ancestor; but Darrah
Pointed out that only one end looked like Back Bay
And, sure enough, there was Little Dutch
Playing with the trunk and screaming it was real.
Cary and I stayed mum, remote and polite like
The asses we are, and pretty soon the Professor
Scattered us all in chairs for a good view.

Then we sat quiet to hear what the thing would say.

# SMOKE

There it stood, stolid and pink, and our host fluttered
Over and under it and fed it a raft
Of mush and hay, dusted it off—in short
Seemed to be winding the baby up to go.
Silence, save for Black's insistent voice
Which wandered from what in one livingroom obviously
Had to be the main subject, and yet he talked
Somehow of pictures, poetry, penises—all
In elephantine terms—which, if at times
Vague, was at times amusing. But we all
Sat wondering what the elephant could do,
And hoping it might do something. —And it did.
It filled the coal-hod.

It was then
We thought of going; but we might have stayed
If the Professor hadn't admitted that,
Really, the elephant couldn't perform as yet—
He was still working on it; that such things took time;
But that, plain as the beast's hide, here was genius
Which, properly taught you understand,
Would trumpet over the world.

We hesitated—
But, there was the coal-hod, and Yellow Dutch allowed
A little of that went a long way; but Black,
Smiling us to the door, said he was used to it.
We left, and that was that.

What happened?
Well, there are different versions. Some reports
Have it the thing got bigger and grew white
And walked out the side of the house and ran away.
Others maintain Black tired of the thing
And drove it off; but Cary swears that Black
Traded it in for a monkey and Little Dutch.

Winfield Townley Scott

# *To A Young Poet*

*for Robert Fitzgerald*

Before time
the heart moving
Slow as the sea's sure flood and fall.
Then the uncertain hand
Feeling the stone's shape,
With dull fingers shaping the stone.
And now your voice,
windsong,
leafsound,
Making new songs in the old tongue,
New music for us
listening.

The river speaks
and night replies;
darkly
Our broken earth cries out.
One heard the shadows moan,
Another talked with trees;
we know
The single speech of rain,
As weary mountains mutter from their sleep,
Then turn
and dream again.

In our time— of our time—
your heart,
your hand,
your voice
sing to us
Listening.

JAMES LAUGHLIN IV

# *Daguerreotype, a Man in Uniform, Gold Buttons*

I have been heir to this:
gold buttons on an army suit,
the sudden smile quite indestructible, on tin;
I have worn enamel cuff-links in my shirts.

I have not seen the horse go down,
the animal heart exploded with a bullet,
and the rider crumpled in tall grass:
either the wavering lines at Malvern Hill.
Hoarseness of guns has not robbed me of sleep.

This much I know:
a man who smiles through the decades,
his cap far back on his head,
his lips moving, — wordless
(the frame of his body broken
by cold and the long pelt of rain:
hospital, madness, the fever turned
in November:
home in the north,
and the brilliance of snow-hooded mountains).
This was a man who escaped —
free from the mad-dog bullet,
my father's father.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

# *Broken Dirge Over Atlantis*

These are the pale hills
asleep under the sea
asleep
with the fumbling skeletons
(out of the city that was the pride of empire)
touching bony fingers to the bellies
of fish
asleep in the valley
of shifting death

look
where the ships sailed down to the harbor
of rose dawns
there is black crouched
and where the maidens danced on the quays
singing home the voyagers from the dense lands
of the compass circle
there is night
only night
dripping

this is the shelf
that once lunged to the sky
kings feasted
and the exile hermits
brewed the acid of their priest-souls
in the cave-dimples of the peaks
men jostled the bars of slavery
or traded the strange coins of their trade
but all deep now
deep and asleep
while the iron keels crawl
over their hollow brows

look
this is the fashion of death
turned under by plowing waves
a furrow of timeless wonder
they wait
the pale hills and the sea-hollowed men
asleep
atlantis is myth
still continents hang on the water-rim
(their kings and their slaves)
laced to the sky
waiting the tip to the damp night
to the depths of the ruler-fish

sleep atlantis
only the sea knows the store of your hope

LAWRENCE A. HARPER

## *Book Review*

Liberal lecturers, like Japanese toy-makers,
compress a whole culture into small compass.
When they make these lectures into books,
I follow the salesman's direction,—
unwrap the packages, immerse the leaves
in my intelligence
as I would float dried folded paper flowers
on water in a dish.
They blossom before me,—
each one a marvel, and every one, to someone, a delight.

From such paper flowers, however,
one learns more Japanese than botany.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

# *Moment Electric*

After the factual winter
(Clean black and white, a pattern understood)
Snow to the dark seed
Frost to the nippled bud,
After that surety we are
By spring's first leaf betrayed,
And heart and reason
Suffer the sorcery of roots
The bloom's illusion:

To the light's lance, the wind-sharp hours
The flesh is numb, sense slow
As the cold snake whose path is signed
White with the wind flowers.
And what we see: sun drawing
Alder from granite's weight, the mole
Deep mineral ghosts unearthing, the green
Enamelled beetle on the berry thorn,
Are accidental fractions of the whole
Signal we miss, the meaning
Lost at the turn of the head.

O brief
Moment electric (hand eye ear lip
Shall never keep it) gone like the flash
Of the jay's wing, the jewel from the leaf.

## *Burning Green Birch*

The newcut brush we piled and set
Fire to the oakbrown leaves below;
Smoke like the ghost of violet
Circled the March-late, melting snow.

And surely I remember how
Touched by the high flame, forced complete
The tight buds burst along the bough
The green birch flowered in the heat.

False petals from the liquid air
Dissolved in burning branch and root,
And on the dark earth, warm and bare,
The last red embers lay like fruit.

RUTH LECHLITNER

## *Albert Pinkham Ryder*

Find him a forest of a single tree
Where wanton girls and wise fools wander
And the air is full of Shakespeare

Or in the moonlight and the stealth of sails
On a traditional sea; these are dimensions
Of his solitude

And our imagination where he most endures
His allegory our most constant thought,
A fleshless rider on a tireless horse.

NELSON DEL BITTNER

## *Yankee Graveyard*

Here, in the arid stubble, lie
The graves of time-denuded dead:
Deacons of years and probity
And young wives who, in marriage bed

Shuddered with blissful pain, brought forth
Their parcels of warm flesh; waned chill
With these; and, death outpaying birth,
Fled—into joys ineffable.

Here sleep, and shall till clang of doom
Outturn them from their somnolence,
Both squire and parson. In the room
Of loam and weed and warm they fence

Incompetence. Greening plate
And shrivelled damask, lingering, mock
Parochial gentry; but their state
Droops mildewed, while rust seals each lock.

And that dark pulpit thunder, shrunk
To wind of willow, now is spent
In shivers; God has drunk
His wrath and will stay impotent.

No toppling slates can stay our mind
On legendary trumpets' blare
Or destiny of humankind
Turned nude upon the tumid air.

These sullen graves shall never gape,
These mossy stones never release
Incarcerate bodies from the rape
Of worm to post-sepulchral peace.

But moulder, moulder in the dust
The deacon with his three young spouses
And all their progeny. The just
Shall live by faith; their sculptured houses

Decay and topple and lie prone
Again, effacing square to round,
Unhumanizing art to stone
Upon the ivy-frosted ground.

AUSTIN WARREN

## *Footnote*

"Realms which are all but
forgotten—" Greene's Short History

The road came on a bridge there where waters
in patch quilt shimmer threaded the ravine.
I used to stand there, being above the otter's
smooth silken element and lapped in green
of shadow branches. All that planky bridge
stood over was a slim frontier, a foughten and sodden
plains' end, a field rim, and a dawn ridge
of heart-encrust desire: and all forgotten.

Well, I was a boy, and I read in a book
that that clear creek was where the warriors took
their staunch stand. And the invader came on. Yet
the old stream goes simply, the road is hot in the sun.
How utterly they sleep, those warriors! Let
them sleep: the lost faring is over: is long done.

CALVIN GOOD

# *Samarcand*

O'er Samarcand where Tamurlaine lies dead,
A bowl of sky from reach to reach is spread.
Of blue and red,
Of blue and red, the sky,
In Samarcand.

A song is sung,
It is a lie.
He who singeth
Is not I.
Samarcand's a mystic fiction,
Poetry's a senseless diction,
Tamurlaine is dead, is dead,
What we live for soon is fled
Tamurlaine is dead.

In Samarcand where Tamurlaine lies dead
A bowl of gold across the earth is spread
A golden red
A burnished red, the gold
In Samarcand.

A chanting paean.
Is a lie.
He, exulting,
Is not I.
Samarcand and Tamurlaine—.
Tamurlaine was cruelly slain.
Tamurlaine is dead, is dead.
See the gold. Ah yes 'tis red.
Tamurlaine is dead.

O'er Samarcand where Tamurlaine lies dead
A bowl of blood across the sky is spread.
Now gold and red
Blue, gold and red, the sky,
In Samarcand.

## *Sigismund II*

He wondered whether apricots were sour,
Or if gazelles were white
By night,
And how many human centuries would make one hour
Of God.

He did not know that lilacs are a dream.
He thought the light afar,
A star.
And sometimes he considered everything a well wrought scheme
Of life.

He thought that to bestow was to receive,
And that the truth, when told,
Was gold.
And though he was a fool in all the rest, he'd never dare believe
In love.

## *Lament*

My son.
O Absalom,
My son of lonely years.
I am so old and living; you so young
And dead.

N. Richard Nusbaum

# *Hunger March*

The streets are aware
of the silence
of drums;

Not the heralds
precede
nor declare;

Not the stallions
the black manes
the gold.

Bone: blood: breath:
are solely wedged
between the stone
and stone.

Not various feet:
precise the long flesh
in need.

Mammoth is born
of the hard womb:
is heard the solitary thud.

(The triangles:
solid: of stone: kneel
on the desert kings

Ashur
the winged bull
is basrelief

The Greeks
die
in their marble)

Not stone
not marble
not in bronze
these feet are slain.

The last processions
hew their monuments
in time;

The pace
not measured
unwinds the world.

DON GORDON

## *Invective*

The hard of hearing all submit
That loudness is the source of wit;
The fool, the sneak, the bitch assert
That all, like men, are made of dirt.

Then hear me, gentle asses all
Who pleases you is animal.

If I have any quality
Of wisdom or of honesty
I swear to pierce you with a point
That will not falter at the joint.

OSMOND BECKWITH

## *Birthright*

It is for mild and silver heads
that lean from windows and bespeak
this rack of years, these slain,
as if forever christs sat tenderly
oblique in watch of sheep and sheep
on grassy valleys laid beneath;

it is for such and for the crinoline
disasters of their days, that clocks
purport not breaking, and cicadas creak
no sagging of the year, for hope
it gold hair braided, faith is ease,
and love is silences in downy sleep.

But they shall not be overtaken nor
ever shall nude buzzards sink
to them in hungry ends. This earth
already is an urn, and winds thereon
extol in song what is their dust. Rains
speed in always for rain's futile end.

To them be now the mind a rounded cat
in little sleep, and then unflex again
when night is snapped with detriment
and day is studded by gaunt cheeks,
the hangman and the crucified, and very dry
our teeth that brunt what is not dead.

Be theirs the foal and limpid years;
and we walking back toward summer pools
recall there was an earth: tea, malacca
and fans in always-Sunday afternoons. This we
never lost, for even as we came we heard
big thunders, but not moonmoths silkily.

# *At This Sea I Heard....*

The sky convulses.
The shoreline is a taut tedious
march I once read in a huge Hugo
book going ruthlessly for clotted pages
till the heart constricted mind and throat,
till the march frenzied itself to shrill
hossanahs, and went straddling on
donkeys in a wet land
with wet figs.

And the gulls, the gulls!
Only the strawberry hearted
imbibe them for their silver
fluting-softening trembles. I must
think that if Satan lurked behind that
shredding of furze I'd be cajoled that this
is a fate brooding on a Japanese lantern;
as it is I must lay my ear on the sand
to test the pulse of the almighty, to know
this also is handiwork sometimes named lovely.
But, my mind, you are a wail
to the Fuhrer which should be a salute;
still, even he may be compassionate
beneath these gulls, fronted and leveled
by this which was never meant for eyes,
was never gentle earth.

Little Brother, your ankles already are
tendrils, your eyes mollusks. My hand
lies beneath my ribs like a rusting hulk.
These are terrible cries.
This is a mouth
which only wails.

David Cornel DeJong

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SUSANNA VALENTINE MITCHELL *Change-Song for the American Year*
is the author of *Journey Taken By A Woman*, which appeared last year.

WALKER WINSLOW *For Hart Crane*
lives in Honolulu, T. H. and appears for the second time in SMOKE.

JOSEPH FRANK *Invocation to Tradition*
makes his first appearance in SMOKE.

MARIANNE MOORE *Smooth Gnarled Crape Myrtle.*
is one of the best known American poets. Her *Selected Poems* appeared in 1935.

VINCENT FERROUS *Poem in Theme*
has appeared in several magazines.

CARL F. STRAUCH *No Apology*
is a Pennsylvanian who makes his first appearance in SMOKE.

KENNETH ELLSWORTH WHELAN *At 7:30*
has appeared New Talent, American Poetry Journal and elsewhere.

LINCOLN FITZELL *Holiday, Low Tide, Combat*
a frequent poetry contributor to magazines, lives on the Pacific Coast.

EMMA SWAN *Program, For a Moment, To Hold in Mind.*
appears for the first time.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT *Professor Black's Baby Elephant*
is again represented by one of his poems from the *Biography of Traman*, several sections of which have already appeared in print.

JAMES LAUGHLIN IV *To a Young Poet*
is poetry editor of New Democracy.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE *Daguerreotype, A Man in Uniform, Gold Buttons*
is at Dartmouth on a writing fellowship, and has appeared in New Republic, and Poetry.

LAWRENCE HARPER *Broken Dirge Over Atlantis*
editor of Pollen, published in San Francisco, appears frequently in SMOKE.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT *Book Review*
is the author of *Rock and Shell.*

RUTH LECHLITNER *Moment Electric, Burning Green Birch*
is one of the better known younger poets.

NELSON DEL BITTNER *Albert Pinkham Ryder*
is a former editor of Direction.

AUSTIN WARREN *Yankee Graveyard*
appears in SMOKE for first time.

CALVIN GOOD *Footnote*
lives in Oklahoma.

N. RICHARD NUSBAUM *Sarmacand, Sigismund II, Lament*
has appeared in many poetry magazines.

DON GORDON *Hunger March*
from California, appeared previously in SMOKE.

OSMOND BECKWITH *Invective*
makes his second appearance in SMOKE.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG *Birthright, At This Sea I Heard. . . .*
has a first collection of poetry to appear soon.